

"The Gods Gave the World To a Woman—Any Woman"

—LORD DUNSANY
Famous Irish Playwright

"Woman Has Swayed the World—This Movement to Acquire the Vote Man Has, Is as if a Soaring Eagle Were Jealous of a Frog for the Distance He Could Jump."

"It Is Woman as Beauty Who Has Put the Carpets on the Floors of Our Homes, the Pictures on the Walls."

"The Supreme Horror of War Is That One Woman Should Have Broken Her Fingernail Making Munitions."

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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WHEN you say that I admire women it is as if you said I pat the sunset on the head, applaud the dawn and give a mild encore to the music of the spheres."

That is how Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, Lord Dunsany, countered with characteristically ardent imagery the charge I brought against the supremely poetic and imaginative playwright of the age—that in his wonderful succession of dramas, "The Golden Doom," "The Gods of the Mountain," "A Night at an Inn" and the rest, he frequently had omitted women altogether from his dramatic personae, and in almost no instance had shown woman in her most popular role as the "star" of the drama of sex and romantic love.

Far be it from me to criticize Lord Dunsany for his lack of preoccupation with the sex motif and the pretty girl. Personally, I am so tired of seeing her on magazine covers, reading about her in best-sellers, hearing her prattle behind the footlights, that I turn with profound relief to the mysterious green gods, the shadowy dooms, the fear-haunted men and the ironic laughter of that mystical middle earth, where our only English-speaking playwright whose imagination is carried to the point of genius has his home.

Yet it is just because Lord Dunsany has told us what he thinks—or, as he would prefer to say, what he feels—about gods and men that I questioned



LORD DUNSANY

him as to his point of view on women when I met him yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Belmont. An exceedingly long person—six feet two, at least—in creamy tweeds, with a bluish of yellow-brown hair at one end and at the other large, much more deeply yellow—those that I saw, rather limp hand-clasp and blue eyes with a pleasant smile in them. Until questions come too thickly—then the eyes take on a pained, "you-would-pluck-out-the-heart-of-my-mystery" expression.

"Do you, perhaps, believe," I asked the dramatist, "that our literature and our life are over-womaned, that we pay too much attention to romantic love and its reactions?"

He answered the last question first. "Romantic love," he observed, "is one of the primal forces. Any one can write of it and be sure of an audience, because he treats of something every man or woman has known or will know. Animals love. It is so obvious an emotion! So in most of my plays I have chosen to go farther afield. Why should I pluck a flower as common as the geranium, when I may bring home an orchid? And when I display the orchid—a smile softened the note of protest—'why should you or another ask me for a geranium or a daffodil?'"

"But as for women"—there was a pause, and Lord Dunsany drew a long, deep breath and sank his chin between his broad shoulders, a characteristic gesture with him. "I would not have you think," he resumed a moment later, with a perfunctory smile that was courtly, "that I have not written more of women because I despise them. I think it is because I have despaired of ever piercing the heart of their subtlety."

"In one of my plays," Thais says, "the gods gave the world to a woman." And those who do not understand inquire, "What woman?" She answers, "Any woman." I said that in a moment of inspiration and it is truth. Only such moments are true—the rest of the time we miss our trains and lose our tempers and other things that do not matter. The gods gave the world to a woman—any woman."

The soft Celtic voice sighed into silence. Again Lord Dunsany's head sank on his breast. Suddenly his long figure straightened itself in his chair, and he looked up.

"Now," he said, eloquently and emphatically, "I shall say something for which I shall be stoned. I think that this movement of woman all over the world has as its aim as if it were to compare a woman to it—say, as if an eagle, a soaring eagle, were jealous of a frog for the distance he could jump!"

"In a million people a woman with a vote has one millionth of the power of the electorate. Countless times in the world's history one woman has swayed a million people. There was Helen of Troy, there was Cleopatra, there was Marie-Therese. To speak in terms of a mere million is foolish; woman has swayed the world, has inspired little things like wars. And now—now she wants to be man's equal and vote!"

"But—I attempted to breast the storm of poetic eloquence—are men to-day influenced by Helens or Cleopatras? Are not the forces of materialistic ambition too strong for women to fight with the old weapons?"

"Let me tell you a story," boomed Lord Dunsany, his rich husky tones capitalizing nearly every word. "There WAS a man. There still IS. HE DOESN'T CHANGE."

"It harks me," he continued simply, "to think of women in factories, women in the market place, women working to earn money. The fools say, 'What would women do if they did not work?' They would starve! No such thing. The men would have to work for them—that is all. The men would have to sweat a little."

"If woman is not to be Beauty—where shall we find it? Beauty will be our art? It is woman as Beauty who has put the carpets on the floors of our homes, the pictures on the walls."

"Yes, but—again stern common sense broke rudely into rhapsody—"If woman had been Beauty and nothing else during the war, the world would have been in rather a hole!"

Lord Dunsany almost groaned. "The supreme horror of the war," he vowed ardently, "is that one woman should have broken her fingernail making munitions!"

Utterly impersonal as all this was, I had begun to feel like the heroine of a troubadour's love song in the Age of Chivalry, instead of my normal feminist self. I had strength for only one more protest. "If woman ever returns to the role in which you see her, modern civilization must swing into a new channel."

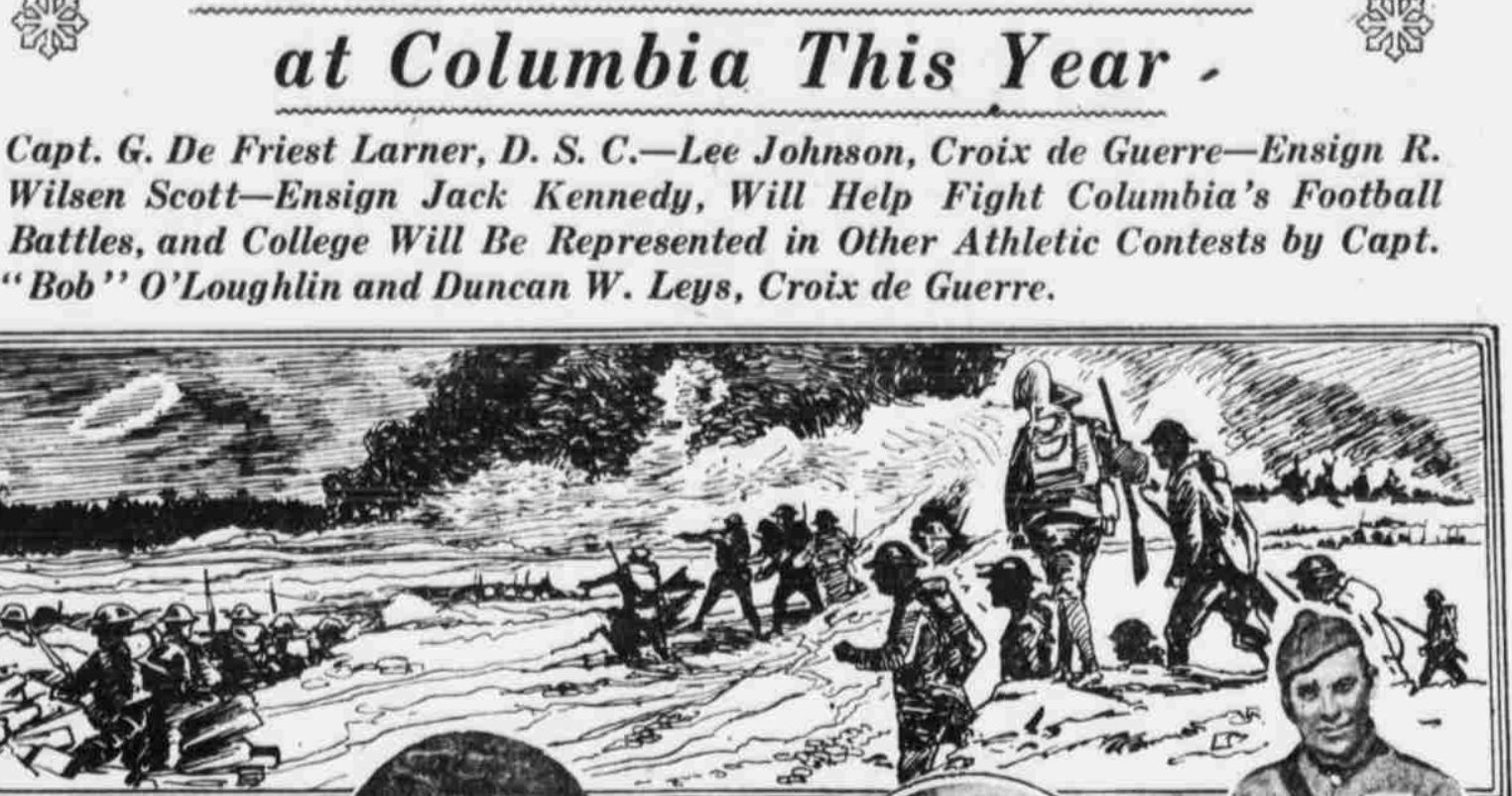
"There need not be so many changes," retorted Lord Dunsany. "Your men in this country have a good deal of money, haven't they? Well, whom did they make it for? On whom do they spend it? Women! It has only to be like that everywhere! That it's a man's world, my masters—the gods did not give it to a woman or a poet."

SOME INTERESTING FACTS.
A miniature and glass to time ages that are being boiled turns and rings a bell when all the sand falls into the lower part of the device.

Refuse from rice millings has been used in France as a filler in the manufacture of fuel briquets from coal dust, lignite, peat or sawdust.

War Heroes Football Stars at Columbia This Year

Capt. G. De Friest Lerner, D. S. C.—Lee Johnson, Croix de Guerre—Ensign R. Wilson Scott—Ensign Jack Kennedy, Will Help Fight Columbia's Football Battles, and College Will Be Represented in Other Athletic Contests by Capt. "Bob" O'Loughlin and Duncan W. Leys, Croix de Guerre.



By Otis Peabody Swift

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ON the trampled grass of South Field where the Alma Mater statue looks down on the Columbia University Campus a group of college men gather every afternoon for the varsity football practice.

Husky, well set up youngsters, many of them hardly more than boys, they put all of their spirit into the rushes and mass plays of the game. Passers-by gather along the cinder track to watch them, and the oldtimers predict that Columbia is going to have a winning team in the intercollegiate this year.

And they will, for these boys of the varsity are the same men who a year ago were leading their companies into action over the shell torn entanglements of the Hindenburg line, or crashing "Y" gun charges on the white wakes of U boats beneath the waters of the Bay of Biscay.

Now, the war days over, they have returned to their classes and studies, and to the battles of the gridiron and track again. Of the boys who left college in those spring days of 1917 many came back as officers, wearing their stripes and decorations proudly, but many will never return.

A football team of Captains, Ensigns and Lieutenants, of D. S. C. and Croix de Guerre men, is something new in college sports, and Lester C. Danielson of the Athletic Association can well be proud of his men. Danielson was a navy officer himself during the war and served as watch officer on a Shipping Board vessel, returning to civilian life a few months ago.

One of the most promising men is G. De Friest Lerner, member of the Lafayette Escadrille, who wears a D. S. C., with the oak leaf and the Croix de Guerre with two palms. Lerner gave up his classes to enlist in the French Army on June 18, 1917, as a private with the Lafayette Escadrille. He was attached to Escadrille Spad 56, Group de Combat 14, won his corporal's stripes and later the Croix de Guerre for "conspicuous bravery in bringing down enemy planes." Later when our air force got into action he was transferred to the 103d Aero Squadron as a Lieutenant Flight Commander, brought down five official planes and five unofficial and won the D. S. C. for this and for ground strafing at Saint Mihiel. He received the oak leaf for work in the Argonne offensive. He won his Captain's rank, and the hatred and jealousy of the enemy planes singlehanded and was recommended for the Legion of Honor. He wears six bronze stars and three silver stars on his Victory ribbon.

Leo Johnson played on the freshman football team in 1916. He was going out for the 1917 team, but along came the war and he went overseas in July with the U. S. Field Ambulance Service and was attached to the Foreign Legion. For bravery, gallantry and daring in evacuating wounded under fire he won the Croix de Guerre with silver star, and wears four bronze stars and two silver stars on his Victory ribbon. And Johnson is out for the team again, and planning centre rushes while taking extra classes to make up for those days in France.

Ensign R. Wilson Scott, U.S.N.R.F., commanding officer of U. S. Submarine Chaser 41 and cited for sinking a German submarine in a fight in the Heligoland Channel, is also coming back to college this fall. He was a football man as a freshman, and was on the swimming team too, and so took naturally to the water when a war happened in the middle of his first year at college. He went in as an enlisted man, was attached to

Base 6 at Bensonhurst, won his commission as Ensign and went overseas in October, '17, in command of a submarine in the English Channel. He is going out for football also.

Apparently the water sportsmen seem to take to the navy, for Jack Kennedy of the water polo team and crew was another navy officer. He went in as an enlisted man, but was selected for training at Annapolis and won his commission there, serving on the U. S. S. President Grant of the Transport Force. He is out for football this year at college and promises to be one of the best men of the new varsity team.

"Bob" O'Loughlin and "Dunc" Leys are two other crew men who fought overseas. Capt. Robert R. O'Loughlin—that's the rank he earned at Plattsburg—was Captain of Company M, 9th Regiment, 2d Division, and received the divisional citation at St. Mihiel. He has two bronze and two silver stars on his ribbon and is back at the rowing machines this year with his former rank—Captain of the 19 crew. Duncan W. Leys enlisted in the spring of 1917 and served with the ambulance in

the French Foreign Legion. Gassed while evacuating wounded in action, he received the Croix de Guerre with silver star, and is now at the university again for the new term.

It is only a small part of Columbia's record, this story of six of the men who are back in college sports this fall. Up on the Heights sophomores who were privates are hazing Freshmen who were Captains a year ago. Professors, who were Sergeants are teaching students who were Lieutenants' bars. There are few of the boys in class rooms who can't tell a mighty interesting story of where they were fighting a year ago to-day.

Captains and Ensigns, wearers of the D. S. C. and Croix de Guerre—such are the men of Columbia's football eleven this year.

And if they can play like they can fight, goodby those other teams.

GOING DOWN!
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Y dear Invisible Helpers: Have you noticed a disposition to lean on others these days?
"Let George do it."
The door bell rings—let the girl go to the door—that's her business.
The moment calls for serious thought—let some one else do it. Ask advice—call up Mrs. Jones and ask her, or your lawyer, or the doctor.
Call any one who can do your thinking for you or make up your mind for you in much the same way you expect your bed to be made up. And all the time you are getting farther and farther away from the fact that no one is as interested in you as you are yourself. No one knows what you should do better than YOURSELF.
The great fault to-day is letting some one else do our thinking!
Awake!
Leaders are those who do their own thinking.
Be a leader.
Yours truly,
ALFALFA SMITH.

TWO MINUTES OF OPTIMISM
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King Apes.
A BONS-ENSHROUDED yesterday before the advent of man a king ape strutted through Africa's wilds.
A twentieth century belle would have pronounced him an ugly, terrible, fear-inspiring monster of destruction. But, judged by the standards of his anthropoid tribe, he was magnificent—a regal, formidable monarch of the forest. In length and strength his huge, sinewy arms were unsurpassed; his tremendous bulge-headed jutted from shoulders that were unequalled in power and might; his square, pug-nosed nose, his terrific mouth and glistering white fangs proclaimed him every inch a leader—a king ape.
But a dark spot of challenge was beginning to show and grow upon the horizon of his hitherto uncontested supremacy. Rather instinctively than through his dull mentality he sensed the coming contempership of a recently matured bull whose physique and intelligence were greatly superior to the average anthropoid. His tortly bearing, his ferocious but strategic onslaughts, his reckless, undaunted courage had already earned him the admiration of his companions, and the hatred and jealousy of the king ape, who made things so uncomfortable for the young bull that he found it expedient to hunt and rove alone, to fight his own battles rather than seek the security of numbers, to solve his primeval problems by force for himself. And slowly but surely and because he was thrown completely upon his individual resources the young bull's naturally superior mind grew through exercise, ex-

JAZZ

By Neal R. O'Hara

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THE world went round before they discovered jazz, but it didn't go so fast. Jazz and pep are the same, except you can shake pepper. Can't shake jazz, no matter how hard you shimmy. Just when they made delirium tremens unconstitutional, jazz came along and gave us dancing tremens. Guy now drinks a few bars of music and gets jazz instead of a jag.

Nobody knows where it came from and nobody knows where it's going. Reformers claim it came from and is going to the same place. Only thing we know is that jazz was going strong about the same time booze was growing weak. Guy that used to have two fingers of whiskey now has two shoulders for jazz. Claims it's greatest medicine, and he shakes well while taking.

Can't play jazz without a trombone any more than you can play tag without hands. Since the jazzers, end of a perfect day comes around at 2 A. M. Guy that used to wait till the bars closed now falls to come home at all. Ballroom programme is all upset. The last waltz was in 1917. Last waltz is now a one-step. Only likeness between the jazz and the waltz is that they both end in Z, same as the alphabet and theatre seats. Dreamy waltz is now a nightmare, and the new idea is a jazz to cripples. One-legged man missed all the fun in the old days. But to-day one leg's enough so long as you've got two shoulders.

Call it the one-step because you take one step and shake the rest. Dame with the chills is now an expert dancer. And it's easy for 'em to get chilly when dressed for dancing! Jazz costume this year is like a bookkeeper's stool—no back to it.

Jane that interprets a jazz dance needs no interpreter. Jazz is easy to understand in any language except the dead ones. Some of 'em speak jazz language the way deaf and dumb folks speak—with their fingers. But experts state, jazz needs no words so long as it's got music.

Jazz composers are the boys that have stirred the world. Stuff they write has advertised the U. S. more than the Army. Jazz stuff makes the other nations understand America, and that's why they think we're crazy. Watch on the Rhine now keeps jazz time. Brianna rules the waves, but Jazzmania rules the British dance floors.

Old time classics can't stand up side of jazz. Only thing they can do is sit down—in a back seat. Jazz composers have put the bee on Beethoven and the next step'll be to mend Mendelssohn! Classic stuff was all right in 1750, but that was before we won our first war. Now win all our wars in jig time, and you've gotta have jazz for that. "Barber of Seville" was written before the safety razor, and "Jewels of Madonna" before they discovered platinum. Can't expect antique music to compete with antique music.

Grand opera is still holding out though. This year it's holding out for seven dollars a seat. The diff between grand-op and jazz is the diff between music and dancing. Grand-op's a good singer, but he needs a dancing partner. Grand opera's grand, but jazz is great. Opera orchestra has to have a flock of fiddles and a lotta brass. Jazz orchestra gets by with just a lotta brass. Don't need fiddles in jazz so long as you've got trembles.

Looks like a great season for jazz next year. It's been hopping along this season like a year's leap year. Only thing that can stop it is an earthquake, and it's only a matter of time before Mother Earth starts doing a shimmy.

What Shall the Girl Do To Earn Her Living?

BEING A DIETITIAN.

Third of a series of articles in which Beatrice Barnby, an experienced business woman and writer, discusses briefly the different jobs open to ambitious young women, and sums up the case for each job in qualifications and training required, accruing salary, advantages and disadvantages and possibility of advancement.

By Beatrice Barnby

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TRACKED her down by the sound of crockery and the banging of pans lids—this young woman who was in entire control of the feeding arrangements in a huge financial concern—but she led me away from the clamor to a delightful clubroom where we talked in peace.

"Won't you tell me just what your work is?"

"The efficient feeding of 2,000 men and women at a midday meal," she answered, smiling.

I thought of my own efforts for TWO, and the additional ciphers gave me a sense of awe. "It sounds appalling!"

"At present the meal begins at 11.30 and goes on till 2.30, but when our new dining room is ready we shall improve on the hours and time allowed per individual. The menu is a full one and each employee may go through everything there is if he or she wishes. The midday meal is provided free by the company and they wish it to be as wholesome and good as is possible. That's where I come in—making out a menu with the right food values."

I saw the menu—there was a variety to suit the taste of the lightest luncheon or the other who made it the meal of the day—milk and crackers, salad, choice of meats, vegetables, dessert and tea, coffee or milk.

"What about the training?"

"I took two years at Drexel—then six months at Columbia. The latter is not necessary, but the standard is high and therefore useful. The course includes dietetics, practical cookery, institutional management."

"What is the usual beginning salary?"

"I started in at \$750 a year, which, of course, in pre-war days was not so low as it would be at present standard. Now I get more than three times that amount."

"What is the possible advancement?"

"I should say to about \$3,000 a year. Then there is the bonus which some of the large firms now give. There is a growing demand for trained dietitians because more and more of the big houses are taking up the mid-day feeding of their employees. They consider that a good dinner makes for efficiency. But it must be good, that is, well-balanced, or the employees will suffer in body and spirit. There is also work for the trained dietitian in institutions, and, of course, in teaching, but I prefer this

commercial work because the hours are so good and there is more personal responsibility."

"I should have said you'd have to work all day and all night to get ready to feed 2,000—what are your hours?"

"I get here at 9 and am usually through by 3. But I have never had any definite hours. The company wants the job well run, that is all that interests them."

"From nine to three—pretty good! And two very vacation weeks?"

"She nodded and I went on. "Then there can't be any disadvantages—any warnings to the would-be dietitian?"

"Not many, except that of course the kitchen help is rough and ready and one is mixed up with this very uneducated crowd."

"Do you mean to tell me that you control all the kitchen staff?"

"Oh, yes, of course I do. I am in and out of the kitchens and pantries and dining rooms in fact. The company for the running of the feeding arrangements. Here we have a bureau, but at the Fifth Avenue branch, where I was before I went overseas, I did everything."

"What are the qualities you consider necessary to make a success at this career?"

"Self-confidence, for you have to control many people; an ability for organizing which is called into full play in keeping a good running order a restaurant which is serving 2,000 dinners daily; a level head, for if a girl is liable to get fussed and impatient, she will get into a hopeless muddle; and of course an interest in cookery and food. With these characteristics I think a girl will find a most interesting career in being a dietitian."

CHECKING A POET.
THE young man rolled his eyes as he entered the editorial sanctum.

"Here is a poem which you may publish in your paper," he said, handing over a sheet of paper.

"Thank you," said the editor. "I will give you a check for it at once."

"You are very kind. I shall be delighted."

The editor handed him a check. "Many thanks," said the poet. "I will bring you some more poems."

He had reached the door when suddenly he turned.

"Excuse me, but you've forgotten to fill up this check."

"Oh, that's all right," said the editor. "I have given you a check in its rough state, as it were. You can make any correction you please."

Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.